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## Original Communications.

### TRIAL OF THE EARL OF ARUNDEL.

THE trial of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, before the Lords, for high treason, was one of that series of state prosecutions which marked the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It followed three years after the catastrophe of Mary, Queen of Scots. Great care was taken to give the proceedings all the *éclat* of circumstance, and equal care was taken to preserve an exact record of them. The description handed down to us is as minute as we could expect a report of to-day to be of that which occurred yesterday. It opens thus :

“ From the outward bar of the King’s Bench there was a court made of thirty feet square, within which was a table of [No. 1161.

twelve feet square, covered with green cloth ; and in the same court were benches to sit upon, covered with green say. In the midst of the same court, at the upper end, was placed a cloth of state, with a chair and cushion for the Lord Steward. From the midst of the same court, to the midst of the hall, was built a gallery for the prisoner to come upon to the court, in length 110 feet, and in breadth 15 feet, and in height from the ground six feet, railed round about and going down with seven steps. Between eight and nine of the clock in the morning the Earl of Derby, Lord Steward, his Grace entered the hall, attended by divers noblemen and officers, four sergeants-at-arms with their maces waiting before him ; next before his Grace, the Earl of Oxford, Lord Great Chamber-

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lain of England. My Lord of Derby's Grace being seated in his chair of state, every nobleman was placed in his degree by Garter King of Heralds. At his Grace's feet did sit Mr Winkefield, one of her Majesty's gentleman ushers, holding a long white wand in his hand, being accompanied with Mr Norris, Sergeant of the Garter. Before them did sit Mr Sandes, the Clerk of the Crown at the King's Bench."

The places of all the other persons of distinction present were marked with like care. We pass over a mere list of names to come to "something of more pith," the description of the prisoner, and the manner in which he deported himself on appearing before the tribunal which was to decide on his life or death, and which furnishes the subject of the engraving given in our present number.

"Then the Lieutenant of the Tower was called to return his precept and to bring forth his prisoner, Philip, Earl of Arundel. The Earl came into the hall, being in a wrought velvet gown, furred about with marten, laid about with gold lace and battons, a black satin doublet and a pair of velvet hose, and a long high black hat on his head; a very tall man, looking somewhat swarth-coloured. Then was the Earl brought to the bar, with the axe carried before him by Mr Shelton, Gentleman Porter of the Tower. Being accompanied by Sir Owen Hopton, Knight, Lieutenant of the Tower; Sir Drew Drury, Constable of the Tower for the time; Mr Henry Bronkard, and others. At my Lord of Arundel's coming to the bar, he made two obeysances to the State and to the Nobles and others there present. Then did Mr Sandes, Clerk of the Crown, say, he was indicted of several treasons, and said unto him, 'Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, late of Arundel, in the county of Sussex, hold up thy hand.' He held up his hand very high, saying, 'Here is as true a man's heart and hand as ever came into this hall.'"

He was accused of corresponding with traitorous persons beyond the seas against the Queen's majesty, to invade the kingdom and set up the Catholic religion. He was stated to have fasted four-and-twenty hours and to have prayed for the success of the Spanish Armada, and to have procured Sir Thomas Gerrard and divers prisoners, then in the Tower, to say mass with him for the triumph of Spain, and to have made a prayer on that subject to be daily used among them. A picture was produced in the course of the trial, found in his Lordship's trunk, in which was painted a hand bitten by a serpent shaking the serpent into the fire, about which was written, "*Quis contra nos?*" On the other side was painted a lion rampant, "with his

chaps all bloody," and the words, "*Tamen leo.*" Discontent, and not religion, was said to have made him a Catholic. The result was, a verdict of guilty given against him.

"Whereupon my Lord, making three very low obeysances, upon his knees did humbly submit himself to my Lord Steward's Grace, and the favours of the rest of the nobles and peers there present, and besought them to be mediators for him that he might obtain at her Majesty's hands to have order taken for his debts, and to have conference with his officers, and to talk with his wife, and to see his infant born after his imprisonment, whom he had never seen."

Sentence was pronounced in the usual terms for high treason.

"To this the Earl of Arundel said, as it were softly to himself, '*Fiat voluntas Dei.*' And so having made a low obeysance to the State, the Lieutenant took him away; Mr Shelton going before him with the edge of the axe towards him. Then there was an 'O yes,' made by the Sergeant-at-Arms, and the Court, together with my Lord Steward's commission, dissolved: which done, my Lord of Derby took the white wand out of Mr Winkefield's hand and broke the same in pieces, and every man cried, 'God save the Queen.'"

"Whereupon the Earl of Arundel was carried back to the Tower, where, after several reprieves, he died a natural death, October 19th, 1595, having been prisoner there ten years and six months, four years whereof were passed before he was brought to his trial."

#### THE KING AND THE MARQUIS; OR, THE BROKEN SWORD AND THE BROKEN CASE.

[Written for 'The Mirror,' by the Author of 'Many-coloured Life,' &c.]

"CONCEAL you under my lady's couch, Marquis! and this evening? You must be mad to ask such a thing!"

So spoke Louise, Madame de Montespan's maid, to the Marquis de Puygilhem. The looks of the speaker marked extreme surprise, and something more than surprise. Puygilhem, in his anxiety to know all that might affect the King's mistress, had deemed it politic to make love to her attendant, and "was a thriving wooer." His fair companion, besides the danger attached to being accessory to any intrusion on her lady's privacy, did not feel very well pleased that the Marquis should wish to seek the chamber of Madame de Montespan, when another was open to him. A request so singular did not result from fickleness, but from very different causes, which must here be explained. If the Marquis were passionately eager to carry his object, it was not the passionate eagerness

of love. Ambition and Avarice were the deities at whose shrine he bowed.

The Marquis de Puységur (afterwards Duc de Lauzan) was distinguished for his audacity. Where interest prompted, he was not nice in his expedients. He was anxious to stand well with all that were in power, but he did not hesitate to incur the most enormous risks where, without encountering them, in the ordinary course of events he could look for nothing but failure.

In his youth Puységur came to Court with little or no fortune. The Comte de Guiche introduced him to the Countess de Soissons, at whose house the young King (Louis XIV) then passed nearly all his time. He gained the favour of Louis, who gave him a regiment of dragoons, and soon afterwards made him a colonel. In 1669 the Duke de Mazarin was disposed to resign his office of Master-General of the Ordinance. Puységur wished to be his successor, and having got early intelligence of the Duke's intended retreat, he boldly asked the King to bestow the post about to fall vacant, on him. He was favourably listened to, and Louis declared it should be his, but made him promise to keep the matter secret till a day which he named, when he himself would announce the choice he had made.

Puységur exulted in his good fortune, considered the matter finally settled, and waited with impatience for the day on which he was to be declared Master-General of the Ordinance. It came, and the Marquis, who, in consideration of his high rank and his intimacy with the King, had the *entrée* to the apartment next the council room, in which Louis and some of his ministers were then engaged, waited for the result. The first valet de chambre, whose name was Nyert, he found there. With this man, as he was a favourite with the King, the Marquis did not disdain to enter into familiar conversation. He, indeed, wished to make a friend of him, and as his experience of the world told him that nothing kindles friendship sooner than improving circumstances, he communicated to him the important fact that he was to succeed the Duke de Mazarin.

Nyert started at hearing the intelligence. He, however, complimented the Marquis very warmly on his promotion, which he said it gave him infinite pleasure to hear.

The truth is not always spoken at courts. In this instance Nyert was anything but gratified at what he had learned. It so materially interfered with the views of others for whom he was interested, that he determined if possible to make the King change his purpose. Pretending to have forgotten some matter which he had been directed to attend to, he left the apartment, and went without loss of time to the

minister Louvois, who was then under that roof, transacting business, and alone. He communicated what he had heard, and as Louvois was the enemy of Puységur, he determined, if possible, to mar the prospects of the Marquis.

Nyert in a few minutes was again with Puységur in the waiting room. Their conversation was resumed, and the Marquis affected to unfold some of his designs to his companion. He was interrupted by the sudden appearance of Louvois. He and Nyert looked at each other with well-acted surprise.

"The council, sir," said the valet, "has not yet risen."

"No matter," said Louvois, "the letter I hold in my hand is important, and requires dispatch; I shall therefore go in, for I must speak with the King immediately."

Louvois entered, and having gained the ear of Louis, told him he had just been informed that he was about to declare Puységur Master-General of the Ordinance.

The King was amazed at what he heard, and at a loss to guess from whom Louvois could have received the intelligence, as he had enjoined Puységur to silence.

The minister then proceeded to argue against the appointment of the Marquis. "He is haughty," said he, "capricious and inexperienced withal: to act cordially with that man will be impossible."

Louis was angry that the secret should have escaped Puységur, and especially that it should have reached Louvois. He pronounced no decision, but when the council rose he passed the expectant Marquis without saying a word. The King went to hear mass. Puységur waited till it was over, but in vain. No announcement was made; no notice was taken of him.

Nothing is more intolerable than suspense in a matter of great importance. The Marquis was determined things should not remain thus, and accordingly resolved immediately to seek the King, that he might learn his fate at once.

Louis had closed his evening audience when his old companion stood before him. The monarch received him with courtesy, but not with all the warmth to which he had been accustomed; and when the momentous question was put, he replied evasively, "Not yet, Marquis. It cannot be done immediately. But leave it to me; I will see about it."

Puységur left the King anything but satisfied. Such generalities he knew usually came to nothing. Thus annoyed, he sought Madame de Montespan, in the hope that her powerful influence would be exerted in his favour. From her he met with the kindest reception, and language the most consoling.

"Fear nothing, my friend," said she;

"the King has been perplexed of late by many cases of state, but he will not be unjust. He knows your great merit, and if he should for a moment forget it, there may be one near him who will not omit to remind him of your just claim."

The Marquis brightened at this, and hope revived. He went home greatly relieved. On the following day he saw the lady again. Her kindness was unabated, and she reiterated her promises to serve him with Royalty. That it was derogatory to his high blood to owe promotion to such a patroness did not occur to him; or, if it did, the case was so common then, as it has been in later days, that he felt he could not be pointed at but in very good company.

Day after day passed, and the Marquis could not discover that he had in any way benefited by the good offices of Madame de Montespan. His temper was impatient, his nature suspicious. A thought crossed his mind that the King's favourite might be insincere. On this point he desired to have proof, and he resolved that he *would* have it. He conceived the idea of hiding himself in the lady's apartment when the King, as was his custom, paid her his afternoon visit, in order to overhear their conversation, and ascertain with certainty how far he might depend upon the bland and blooming mistress of Louis.

And this it was that made him a suitor, as above, to Louise. By her instrumentality he thought his object would be easily attained. She refused. He pressed his request, or rather his demand.

"It is utterly impossible; I dare not think of it," said Louise. "Do you wish for my total ruin?"

"Nonsense! Ruin is always uppermost in the thoughts of a woman. Come what may, how can it damage you? It must be done."

"Can you be serious, Marquis? Do you really wish me to enable you to conceal yourself in the chamber of Madame de Montespan?"

"I do."

"And to-night?"

"This night."

"To ask such a thing is madness. What wretches you men are when our poor sex is concerned! But she will not be alone."

"I do not wish to be with her alone. What brighter eye than that of Louise can I seek to view? What countenance more divinely fair? No, no; let the King sigh for Madame, my whole soul is devoted to Louise."

He kissed her hand with an air of devoted attachment as he spoke. Louise was affected. To find that the Marquis had not wished to be alone with her lady in part removed the difficulty which had previously opposed his wishes.

"Do not think of it," she said, in a much less determined tone. "Reflect on the danger if the King should discover you concealed near Madame. The Bastille for life would in his judgment, be much too lenient a sentence. You would be broken on the wheel."

"But he will not see me. For my own sake I shall be careful not to let him know where I am, but still more for yours; though, as I said before, you would in no case be seriously compromised, established as your character is for fidelity and spotless honour."

His manner was most persuasive. To so noble a lover what could Louise refuse? She smiled consent, and he renewed his flattery. That which was lately declared to be impossible she now acknowledged could be done, and she consented to do it.

An opportunity offered for introducing him unseen into the lady's apartment, and he availed himself of the fortunate moment. Scarcely had they entered when the voice of Madame de Montespan was heard in the ante-room. She had returned sooner than usual. As she opened the door the Marquis threw himself under the couch, and fortunately succeeded in getting completely out of sight. Louise looked embarrassed, but her mistress took no notice of it, and having given her a few commonplace directions, a motion of the hand indicated that she might withdraw.

The situation of Pygmalion was anything but agreeable, cramped as he was beneath the piece of furniture which concealed him, and feeling, as he did, that the slightest movement, the least noise would betray him. To an ordinary mind this would have been misery, but he almost enjoyed it. He was confident that he would be spoken of, and that, posted as he now was, he should know whether or not he had been deceived. Serious as the consequences might prove in the event of a discovery, he was sanguine enough to hope that this would not take place, and bold enough to meet them if it did.

The favourite of Louis Quatorze little suspected who was so near her. She dreamed not that there was one in her chamber who could overhear (or *underhear* rather) her every breathing; nor could she, had this been made known to her, have surmised what use would be made of what he might learn. That was a secret which he did not suffer to escape from his own breast, as he had done the promised appointment. The end which he had in view, not less singular than the means by which he sought to obtain it, was equally audacious and original.

Madame de Montespan prepared to receive her Royal admirer. How she consulted her glass, what attitudes she studied and what auxiliaries she called to the aid

of her beauty, Pygillhem had no means of remarking. His position was theatrical enough, but he did not avail himself of it, like the adroit folks of the stage, to start out every moment, make an observation, and retire. He was too happy to find himself effectually concealed; and when the King entered the apartment, which he shortly did, Pygillhem scarcely ventured to respire, fearing not only that he himself might be heard, but trembling lest the sound of his own breath should prevent his distinctly hearing that to which he was so anxious to listen.

(*To be continued.*)

#### A TASTE OF ANCIENT ROMANCE.

HELIODORUS was born at Emesa, in Phœnicia, and flourished in the reigns of the Emperor Theodosius and his son. He was Bishop of Tricca in the time of Theodosius the Great, and wrote in Iambic verses 'On the manner of making Gold,' for the same emperor. Heliodorus is also mentioned by Socrates, the ecclesiastical historian, as having been Bishop of Tricca, a town in Thessaly, now vulgarly called Triccola. In the ecclesiastical history of Nicephorus Calistus, a story is told of him, which, if true, would exhibit on the part of the Thessalonian church somewhat of that fanatical spirit which in Scotland expelled Home from the administration of the altar. Some young persons having fallen into peril through the reading of such works, it was ordered by the provincial council that all books whose tendency it might be to incite the rising generation to love, should be burnt, and their authors, if ecclesiastics, deprived of their dignities. Heliodorus, rejecting the alternative which was offered him of suppressing his romance, lost his bishopric. His works were but little read in modern times till they were brought into notice by an accident of war. During the campaign of Hungary, in 1526, a soldier of Anspach, under the Margrave Casimir of Brandenburg, assisting at the pillage of the library of Matthias Corvinus, at Buda, was attracted by the rich binding of a manuscript, and carried it off. He sold the prize afterwards to Vincent Obsopeus, who published it at Bale, in 1534. This was the celebrated romance of Heliodorus, 'Theagenes and Chariclea,' till then unknown in the West—the most ancient monument which has reached us in a complete state, of recitals of adventures (to follow the definition of Bishop Huet), "suppositious yet probable, concocted artfully and in prose, for the amusement and instruction of the reader."

The work thus preserved is among the best models of fiction. Nothing impure is permitted to sully the loves of the hero and his adored; the incidents are nume-

rous, striking, yet not improbable, and a virtuous mind breathes over the whole, valuable lessons of philosophy and nature.

Modern dealers in the marvellous have drawn largely from this eminent writer. A glance at one scene will suffice to satisfy every reader of romance that in this assertion little is hazarded. To make what follows understood it is necessary to state that Chariclea has arrived with Calasiris at a battle field to search among the slain for Theagenes. Many dead bodies are strewn on the ground, and an old woman relates to them the details of the battle.

"The rising moon shed a bright light around, for she was only in the third day of her wane, while Calasiris, weakened with watching, and way-sore with his journey, lay asleep. Chariclea, however, unable to rest for her cares and sorrows, beheld a hateful and unholy spectacle, which is nevertheless familiar to the Egyptian women. The old woman, thinking she should have ample time to perform her magical conjurations, dug, in the first place, a grave, and beside it kindled a large fire; then placing between these two the dead body of her son, she poured some honey from an earthen cup which stood upon a tripod, into the grave, and afterwards some milk and wine. She then took an image made of paste, in the likeness of a man, which she crowned with laurel and fennel, and threw also into the grave; and catching up a sword, waved and slashed it around her like one in a phrenzy, mumbling the while an invocation to the moon in some foreign and barbarous language. That done, she inflicted a wound upon her arm, and catching the blood with a branch of laurel, sprinkled it upon the fire with many ceremonies. At length, stooping to the ground, she placed her mouth to her dead son's ear, and by I know not what conjurations, constrained him to spring up and stand upon his feet.

"Chariclea, who had watched the preliminary process not without fear, was struck with horror at this result; and she awoke Calasiris that he might witness what passed as well as herself. Although unseen themselves, owing to the obscurity in which they stood, they yet could see very clearly everything that was done by the hag, who was near the blazing fire; and as the distance between was not great, they heard her distinctly when with a loud and strong voice she began to interrogate the corpse. The question she asked was, whether her surviving son would return safe and sound from the wars? but the dead man made no answer: he merely signed with his head, in such a manner as to leave his mother in doubt, and then fell on his face upon the ground. Immediately, however, she turned him again on his back, and continued to question him, singing in his

ear still more violent conjurations, till at length he rose once more on his feet, and she repeated her interrogation, commanding him to expose his meaning plainly, and to answer, not by motions of the head, but by word of mouth.

"While the old woman was thus engaged in her necromancy, Chariclea supplicated Calasiris to approach her, that they also might ask some tidings of Theagenes. This Calasiris refused point blank, saying, that to him the very sight was forbidden, although she, Chariclea, might be excusable, inasmuch as she was constrained to witness the spectacle in spite of herself. To take pleasure, he continued, in such magical conjurations, or to assist in them, is a thing forbidden by the priests and prophets; for although their power of divining and predicting the things of futurity proceeds from lawful sacrifices, and holy and devout orisons, yet the wicked and profane, who grovel thus upon the earth, and are always gathering about a corpse, like this Egyptian woman, can only derive theirs from some fortuitous circumstance. While Calasiris was still speaking after this manner, the dead man, in a mournful and broken voice, which sounded as if it came from the earth, answered his mother thus with a groan: 'I have pardoned thee, mother, from the first even till now, and have suffered thee to offend against human nature, in violating the holy laws of destiny, and troubling by magical conjurations the things which it is forbidden to meddle with. This I have done because the dead still continue to reverence, as far as possible, their parents. But since thou pertinaciously destroyest my reverence by thy importunity—not only attempting from the outset things unlawful and damnable, but persevering in them from evil to worse, and extending in infinite progression thy crime and its forfeit—since thou not only compelledst my body to arise and make signs of the head, but also to utter speech—neglecting withal my obsequies, and hindering me from mingling with the other spirits of the dead, that I might attend to thy behests—listen now to what I have hitherto withheld! Neither shall thy son return from whence he is gone, nor shalt thou escape a violent death—the fitting termination of a life consumed in things so abominable; and soon, soon shall that bloody issue arrive, reserved for the fate of all who give themselves up to magic. Besides thy other crimes, thou hast not hidden carefully those mystic secrets which should only be trusted to the custody of the darkness and silence of night, but hast revealed, in the presence of witnesses, the mysteries of the dead. One of these witnesses is a prophet, and thy fault is the less on that account; but the other is a young virgin, who has heard and seen

what thou hast constrained me to—a girl moved and transported with love, who goes wandering over the world to seek her lover, with whom, after infinite labour and innumerable dangers, she will at last live in glorious and royal state in the extremities of the inhabited globe.' When the corpse had uttered these words, it fell down suddenly upon the earth.

"The old woman, understanding that these witnesses must be the strangers to whom she had spoken, rushed furiously sword in hand to seek them. Trampling in the midst of the dead, and certain of finding them among the bodies extended around, she determined to put them to death as the spies who had neutralized, by their presence, her magical charms and conjurations. She threw herself with such furious and incautious haste among the slain, that in stumbling she transfixed herself upon a pike planted perpendicularly in the ground; which piercing her body through and through, she fell dead upon the earth—thus promptly fulfilling, with just and proper cause, the prophecy of her son."

#### RELICS OF LONDON.—(No. XII.)

##### THE CHURCH OF THE AUGUSTINE FRIARS.

Few memorials of London's monasteries remain. Three centuries have elapsed since the general suppression by Henry VIII, and those relics of the ancient priories which have survived are either reduced to fragments and ruins, or have been converted to purposes which have entirely effaced their original features. But the names of the localities in which they were situated, in some instances, still remind us of their former glory. We have the site of the priory of St John indicated by the names of streets and squares in its immediate vicinity. The Temple, St Bartholomew's, St Helen's, Black Friars, and White Friars, the Charterhouse, Crutched Friars, and the Minorites, all derive their names from the religious establishments which formerly existed in their neighbourhood, and of which they are in many cases the only memorials. But there is one locality whose name, while it indicates some connexion with a monastery, has been so corrupted as to render its origin less obvious. This is Austin Friars, the site of the ancient priory of an order of Augustine monks from whom the name, contracted into *Austin* Friars, has been derived.

This priory was founded by Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, in the year 1253. In 1344, one Reginald Cobham increased its revenues by the gift of a certain messuage in the city, and in 1354, Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Essex and grandson of the founder, restored and

enlarged the church. In 1362, "the small spired steeple was overthrown by a tempest of wind," but a gilded steeple was erected in its place, as Stowe says, "to the beautifying of the city." It was, however, demolished by order of the Marquis of Winchester, in 1609, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the mayor and citizens. The priory was suppressed by Henry VIII, on the 12th November, 1538, when the value was 57*l*. The priory and cloister were destroyed by Sir William Powlett, afterwards Marquis of Winchester, who erected on its site "a great and fair house." A portion of the church was used for the stowage of coal and corn until the death of the Marquis, when his son sold the monuments and paving-stones (which had cost a large sum), for a hundred pounds, and converted the steeple, choir, and adjoining aisles into stables for his horses. The remainder of the church was, in 1550, granted to the Dutch residents in London, who have used it ever since as their place of worship, and service is still performed in it twice every Sunday and on one day in the course of the week. Among the celebrated personages buried in this church are Edward, step-brother to Richard II, the Earls of Essex, Arundel, Pembroke, Oxford, and Huntingdon, Edward, Duke of Buckingham, beheaded in 1521, and the barons killed at the battle of Barnet in 1471.

That portion of the ancient edifice which is now in possession of the Dutch—the nave of the friars' church—has not received any material alteration since its repair by the Earl of Essex in 1354; the windows are original, and the side walls are supported by a double row of stone buttresses. Its appearance, however, has been seriously disfigured by a coating of compost, which entirely covers the ancient stone work and destroys the venerable aspect of the edifice. It is painful to observe how frequently the ancient character of some mouldering relic is impaired by the want of taste or ignorance of those whose ardour for its protection and restoration induces them to make additions which do not harmonise with the original structure. The renovations of the Temple Church and Crosby Hall are, happily, free from these imperfections and anomalies; but the architecture of the City presents too many instances in which such good sense and good taste have not been exercised, and among these none are so conspicuous as the Guildhall. The interior of St Bartholomew's church, and honest John Stow's tomb, in the church of St Andrew Undershaft, have also been defaced by the work of the plasterer, and the worse than useless applications of the brush and trowel mar the grand effect which the heavy and ancient masonry is

calculated to present. The church of the Augustine Friars has been disfigured by those who imagined they were ornamenting it—its massive stone work is concealed by the plastered composition; and scarcely did it suffer more injury from the sacrilegious hands of the Marquis of Winchester than it has sustained from the corrupt judgment of the modern renovator.

ALEX. ANDREWS.

#### INTERMENTS IN CHURCH-YARDS.

THE town of Tarma, in Peru, was subject to a pestilential fever annually, the consequences of which, if ever the patient recovered from the fever, were frequently fatal. The governor of the town, conjecturing that it might arise from the practice of burying the dead in the church, succeeded in abolishing the practice, and from that time the fever ceased to appear, as the burying-ground was established a considerable distance from the town. This unwholesome practice is alluded to by Bishop Latimer; he says, "I do marvel that London hath no burying-place without, for, no doubt, it is an unwholesome thing to bury within the city. I think, verily, that many a man taketh his death in Paul's churchyard; and thus I speak of experience:—for I myself have felt such an ill-favoured and unwholesome savour that I was the worse for it a great while after; and I think it is the occasion of much sickness and diseases."

*Dr Jenner.*—This eminent man, however grave his general habits, could at times descend to playful humour. On one occasion, having restored a young lady to health, he sent to her mother the following often quoted lines, having forwarded to the patient a pair of ducks:—

I've dispatched, my dear Madam, this scrap of a letter,

To say that Miss \*\*\*\*\* is very much better:  
A regular doctor no longer she lacks,  
And therefore I've sent her a couple of Quacks.

They produced the following happy reply:  
Yes! 'twas *politic*, truly, my very good friend,  
Thus a "couple of Quacks" to your Patient to send;  
Since there's nothing so likely, as "QUACKS" (it is plain),  
To make work for a "REGULAR DOCTOR" again!

A gentleman who had himself been reflected upon as touched with Quackery, wrote on the latter the subjoined commentary:—

The Quacks, as you call them, are likely, indeed,  
To give to the regular's gains an increase,  
Because Ducks, wherever they gabble or feed,  
Are commonly found the companions of Grease.



*Arms.* Ar., three lions' heads, erased, gu., two and one, between the upper ones an anchor, sa., on a chief, wavy az., a portcullis, with chains, or. *Crest.* A lion's head, erased, gu., charged on the neck with a portcullis, chained, or. *Supporters.* Two lions guardant, ppr. a portcullis, pendant by a chain from the neck, or., to which is affixed a shield, ar., charged with a chaplet of laurel vert. *Motto.* *Sed sine labe decus.* "Moreover, it is an honour without a stain."

#### THE NOBLE HOUSE OF ELDON.

WILLIAM SCOTT, a merchant of Newcastle, who died in 1800, is named as the founder of this family. The splendid part his descendants acted have been more before the public than his ancestry.

John Scott, the first Lord Eldon, was born June 4th, 1751. His great talents made him eminent as a lawyer, and finally gave him the dignity of an Earl. He was called to the bar in 1776, and, having obtained a silk gown, was appointed Solicitor-General in 1788; on which occasion he received the honour of knighthood. He became Attorney-General in 1793; and in 1799 he reached the Bench, and was made a Peer, being appointed Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and created Baron of Eldon, of Eldon, county Durham. In the same year we find him Lord High Chancellor of England; which exalted situation he held, with an interruption of fourteen months (from February 7th, 1805, to April 1st, 1807) till 1827, when, on the formation of Mr Canning's Administration, he resigned the seals, and never returned to office. His Lordship was advanced, July 7th, 1801, to the dignities of Viscount Encombe and Earl of Eldon. He died June 28th, 1831.

His Lordship married Elizabeth, daughter of Aubone Surtees, Esq., of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, who died in 1839. His eldest son, John, died in 1805, leaving a son of the same name, who succeeded, on the death of the Earl of Eldon, to the title.

The late Earl lived in eventful times, and acted a conspicuous part in many memorable scenes. To write at length his professional career would greatly exceed the limits of this publication. His learning and industry were universally acknowledged; but, as Chancellor, many complained that his judgments were too long delayed. It was, however, his anxiety to decide justly, that caused him to hesitate: when, at length, given, his decisions were rarely called in question. He was said to be penurious; but he was a benevolent

man, and, in the discharge of his public duty, was frequently moved to tears. In 1793, when, as Attorney-General, he prosecuted Horne Tooke and others for high treason, he was so deeply affected, that, in the course of his opening speech, he was frequently obliged to pause, from utter inability to proceed. In 1820, when the case of Queen Caroline was brought before the House of Lords, and the discontented populace seemed on the eve of a revolution, his Lordship was one of the first to speak in favour of the bill; in doing which, he earnestly called on the Peers of England, whatever the appearances might be out of doors, to "Do their duty, and fear not."

On a former occasion, addressing the House, he thus explained the principle on which he endeavoured to act—"My Lords," said he, "I satisfy myself that I have done my duty; and I leave the rest to God."

#### THE SPIDER'S SONG.

(From the Danish of Oehlenschläger.)

POETICAL licence has, perhaps, not often been carried further than in the following verses in the 'Aladdin' of the writer above named. That a spider should liken himself to the Eternal in the Heavens is a stretch of thought somewhat "beyond the common."

##### THE SPIDER SINGS.

Look upon my web so fine,  
See how threads with threads entwine;  
If the evening wind alone  
Breathe upon it, all is gone.  
Thus within the darkest place  
Allah's wisdom thou may'st trace;  
Feeble though the insect be,  
Allah speaks through that to thee!

As within the moonbeam, I,  
God in glory sits on high—  
Sits where countless planets roll,  
And from thence controls the whole:  
There, with threads of thousand dies,  
Life's bewildering web he plies,  
And the hand that holds them all,  
Lets not even the feeblest fall.

## LADY SALE.

EVERY one who attends to public events must have felt deeply interested for Lady Sale. Her situation on being made prisoner by Akbar Khan, after treachery and murder had destroyed a British army, was most perilous; and the horror felt in this country for the possible fate of the English ladies who had fallen into the hands of so reckless a barbarian as the Asiatic assassin may long be remembered. A journal of the disasters in Afghanistan, by her Ladyship, has lately been published. From the eagerness with which news from India was sought, and the ample supply which was in the end obtained, of course much of the contents of the journal has already been made known to our readers. If, however, it be a "twice-told tale," it is a tale that will bear repetition. We shall select a few passages, which, we believe, are novelties, or at least some of the circumstances they detail.

The difficult situation in which the English were placed, the supposed incapacity of the general, and the rashness or mistakes of others in high situations, had caused the most dreadful anticipations. From day to day, some new event occurred to add to the general despondency; and insulated acts of violence were the precursors of the grand catastrophe.

"Capt. Sturt hearing that Capt. Johnson's house and treasury in the city were attacked, as also Sir Alexander Burnes's, went to Gen. Elphinstone, who sent him with an important message, first to Brig. Shelton at Siah Sung, and afterwards to the King, to concert with him measures for the defence of that fortress. Just as he entered the precincts of the palace, he was stabbed in three places by a young man well dressed, who escaped into a building close by, where he was protected by the gates being shut. Fortunately for my son-in-law, Capt. Lawrence had been sent to the King by the Envoy, and he kindly procured a palkee, and sent Sturt home with a strong guard of fifty lancers, but they were obliged to make a long detour by Siah Sung."

"I cannot describe how shocked I felt when I saw poor Sturt; for Lawrence, fearing to alarm us, had said he was only slightly wounded. He had been stabbed deeply in the shoulder and side, and on the face (the latter wound striking on the bone just missed the temple): he was covered with blood issuing from his mouth, and was unable to articulate. From the wounds in the face and shoulder, the nerves were affected; the mouth would not open, the tongue was swollen and paralysed, and he was ghastly and faint from loss of blood. He could not lie down, from the blood choking him; and he had to sit up in the palkee as best he might, without a pillow to lean against."

Weakness and miscalculation increased the general peril: and as if there were not enough of real calamity to appal, invention

was drawn upon to furnish new alarms. Thus, on one occasion—

"At dinner-time Brig. Shelton sent to Mr. Eyre, stating that the Envoy had information that 80,000 foot and 10,000 horse were coming to set fire to our magazine with red-hot balls!"

Her Ladyship adds:—

"How these balls were to be conveyed here red-hot is a mystery, as the enemy have no battery to erect furnaces in: but nothing is too ridiculous to be believed; and really any horrible story would be sure to be credited by our panic-struck garrison. It is more than shocking, it is shameful, to hear the way that officers go on croaking before the men; it is sufficient to dispirit them, and prevent their fighting for us."

No timely effort was made to avert the danger, which, like an awful thunder-cloud, hung over the devoted thousands thus cut off from their resources. At length, on the 6th of January, that mournful retreat commenced which terminated so fatally. The following passages are very striking:—

"Previous to leaving cantonments, as we must abandon most of our property, Sturt was anxious to save a few of his most valuable books, and to try the experiment of sending them to a friend in the city. Whilst he selected these, I found, amongst the ones thrown aside, 'Campbell's Poems,' which opened at Hohenlinden; and, strange to say, one verse actually haunted me day and night:—

'Few, few shall part where many meet,  
The snow shall be their winding sheet;  
And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.'

I am far from being a believer in presentiments; but this verse is never absent from my thoughts.

"We left Cabul with five and a half days' rations to take us to Jellalabad, and no forage for cattle, nor hope of procuring any on the road. By these unnecessary halts we diminished our provisions; and having no cover for officers or men, they are perfectly paralysed with the cold. The snow was more than a foot deep. \* \* \* Numbers of unfortunates have dropped, benumbed with cold, to be massacred by the enemy: yet, so bigoted are our rulers, that we are still told that the Sirdars are faithful, that Mahomed Akbar Khan is our friend!!! &c. &c.; and the reason they wish us to delay is, that they may send their troops to clear the passes for us! That they will send them there can be no doubt; for everything is occurring just as was foretold to us before we set out. \* \* \* 8th.—At sunrise no order had been issued for the march, and the confusion was fearful. The force was perfectly disorganised, nearly every man paralysed with cold, so as to be scarcely able to hold his musket or move. Many frozen corpses lay on the ground. The Sipahs burnt their caps, accoutrements, and clothes to keep themselves warm. \* \* \* Sturt, my daughter, Mr. Mein, and I, got up to the advance; and Mr. Mein was pointing out to us the

spots where the 1st brigade was attacked, and where he, Sale, &c., were wounded. We had not proceeded half a mile when we were heavily fired upon. Chiefs rode with the advance, and desired us to keep close to them. They certainly desired their followers to shout to the people on the height not to fire: they did so, but quite ineffectually. These chiefs certainly ran the same risk we did; but I verily believe many of these persons would individually sacrifice themselves to rid their country of us. After passing through some very sharp firing, we came upon Major Thain's horse, which had been shot through the loins. When we were supposed to be in comparative safety, poor Sturt rode back (to see after Thain, I believe): his horse was shot under him, and before he could rise from the ground he received a severe wound in the abdomen. It was with great difficulty he was held upon a pony by two people, and brought into camp at Khoord Cabul. The pony Mrs Sturt rode was wounded in the ear and neck. I had fortunately only *one* ball in my arm; three others passed through my positeen near the shoulder, without doing me any injury. The party that fired on us were not above fifty yards from us, and we owed our escape to urging our horses on as fast as they could go over a road where, at any other time, we should have walked our horses very carefully. \* \* The 37th continued slowly moving on without firing a shot; being paralysed with cold to such a degree that no persuasion of their officers could induce them to make any effort to dislodge the enemy, who took from some of them not only their firelocks, but even the clothes from their persons."

The coolness with which the daring heroine rejoices in having received *only* one ball is amusing. Would the "Ladies of England, who live at home at ease," speak so lightly of such a trifle? Dreadful was the bitter night that followed the incidents above given.

"Poor Sturt was laid on the side of a bank, with his wife and myself beside him. It began snowing heavily: Johnson and Bygrave got some xummuls (coarse blankets) thrown over us. Dr Bryce, H.A., came and examined Sturt's wound: he dressed it; but I saw by the expression of his countenance that there was no hope. He afterwards kindly cut the ball out of my wrist, and dressed both my wounds. Half of a Sipahce's pall had been pitched, in which the ladies and their husbands took refuge. We had no one to scrape the snow off the ground in it. Capt. Johnson and Mr Mein first assisted poor Sturt over to it, and then carried Mrs Sturt and myself through the deep snow. Mrs Sturt's bedding (saved by the ayah riding on it, whom we kept up close with ourselves) was now a comfort for my poor wounded son. He suffered dreadful agony all night, and intolerable thirst; and most grateful did we feel to Mr Mein for going out constantly to the stream to procure water: we had only a small vessel to fetch it in, which contained but a few mouthfuls. To sleep in such anxiety of mind and intense

cold was impossible. There were nearly thirty of us packed together without room to turn. The Sipahcees and camp-followers half frozen, tried to force their way, not only into the tent, but actually into our beds, if such resting-places can be so called—a posh-teen (or pelisse of sheep-skin) half spread on the snow, and the other half wrapped over me. Many poor wretches died round the tent in the night."

This state of things accelerated the death of Sturt, who, however, was carefully attended to the last. It would be superfluous to describe the surrender which ensued, and which filled this country with amazement, anxiety, and indignation. The scenes through which the captives passed Lady Sale describes to have been frightful. She says:—

"The road covered with awfully mangled bodies, all naked: fifty-eight Europeans were counted in the Tunghee and dip of the Nul-lah; the natives innumerable. Numbers of camp-followers, still alive, frost-bitten and starving; some perfectly out of their senses and idiotic. Major Ewart, 54th, and Major Scott, 44th, were recognized as we passed them; with some others. The sight was dreadful; the smell of the blood sickening; and the corpses lay so thick it was impossible to look from them, as it required care to guide my horse so as not to tread upon the bodies."

#### THE LONELY MAN OF THE OCEAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE DEMON-SHIP.'

THE following story, founded on fact, we abridge from our amusing contemporary, 'The Story-Teller.'

A grand party was given on board the 'Invincible,' an English man-of-war in the Tagus, to some of the residents at Lisbon. The ship was illuminated and there was much festivity. In the midst of mirth Christian Loeffler and Ernestine Fredeberg, two of the guests, were melancholy. They had been married but seven days, and Loeffler was now to leave his bride in the 'Invincible' for the Brazils.

On the following morning the ship sailed, and, on the day after that, one of the crew died, apparently from a fall, but the corpse, immediately after death, exhibited strange appearances. Several of the crew died suddenly. It was suspected that the viands consumed at the feast had been poisoned. The number of the sick awfully increased. Loeffler assisted them with generous care, but at length he was assailed himself. Strange torture afflicted his body and maddening thoughts ran through his mind. He suspected something more than the poison supposed to be administered caused the evil. The thought often banished returned on Christian's mind; and a fearful test by which he might prove its reality suddenly occurred to him. He was lying near one of the ship-lights. He

dragged himself towards it; he opened the breast of his shirt. All was decided. Three or four purple spots were clustered at his heart. Löffler saw himself lost. Again he cast a languid and fevered glance towards the sullen waters which rolled onward to the Portuguese shore, and once more murmured, "Farewell!—farewell! we meet not till the morning which wakes us to eternal doom." He next earnestly called for the surgeon. With difficulty that half-worn-out functionary was summoned to the prostrate German. "Know you," said Löffler, as soon as he saw him, "know you what fearful foe now stalks in this doomed vessel?" He opened his breast, and said solemnly, "*The Plague* is amongst us!—warn your captain!" The professional man stooped towards his pestilential patient, and whispered softly, "We know all—have known all from the beginning. Think you that all this fumigation—this smoking of pipes—this separation, as far as might be, of the whole from the sick, were remedies to arrest the spread of mortality from poisoned viands? But breathe not, for heaven's sake, your suspicions to this hapless crew. Fear is, in these cases, destruction. I have still hopes that the infection may be arrested." But the surgeon's words were wasted on air. His patient's senses, roused only for an instant, had again wandered into the regions of delirious fancy, and the torture of his swollen members rendered the delirium almost frantic. The benevolent surgeon administered a nostrum, looked with compassion on a fellow-being whom he considered doomed to destruction, and secure (despite his superior's fate) in what he had ever deemed professional exemption from infection, prepared to descend to the second-deck. He never reached it. A shivering fit was succeeded by deathly sickness. All the powers of nature seemed to be totally and instantaneously broken up; the poison had reached the vitals, as in a moment—and the last hope of the fast-sickening crew was no more! Those on deck rushed in overpowering consternation to the cabin of the captain. Death had been there, too! He was extended, not only lifeless, but in a state of actual putrescence!

The scenes which followed are of a nature almost too appalling, and even revolting, for description. Let the reader conceive (if he can without having witnessed such a spectacle) the condition of a set of wretched beings, pent within a scorched prison-house, without commander, without medical assistance; daily falling faster and faster, until there were not whole enough to tend the sick, nor living enough to bury the dead; while the malady became every hour more baneful and virulent from the increasing heat of the atmos-

phere, the number of living without attendance, and dead without a grave.

It was about five days after the portentous deaths of the surgeon and commander, that Löffler awoke from a deep and lengthened, and, as all might well have deemed, a last slumber, which had succeeded the wild delirium of fever. He awoke like one returning to a world which he had for some time quitted. It was many minutes ere he could recollect his situation. He found himself above deck, placed on a mattress, and in a hammock. A portion of a cordial was near him. He drank it with the avidity, yet difficulty, of exhaustion, and slightly partook of a seamess, which, from its appearance, might have been laid on his couch some days previous to the sleeper's awaking.

The sun was blazing in the midst of heaven, and seemed to be sending its noontide ardour on an atmosphere loaded with pestilential vapour. With returned strength Löffler called aloud; but no voice answered him. He began to listen with breathless attention; not a sound either of feet or voices met his ear. A thought of horror, that for a moment half-stilled the pulsation at his heart, rushed on Löffler's mind. He lay for a moment to recover himself, and collecting those powers of mind and body, over which a certain moral firmness of character, already noticed (joined, be it observed, with the better strength of good principles), had given him a *maître's* command—he quitted his couch, and stood on deck. God of mercy! what a sight met Löffler's eye! The whole deck was strewn with lifeless and pestilential corpses, presenting every variety of hue which could mark the greater or less progress of the hand of putrefaction, and every conceivable attitude which might indicate either the state of frantic anguish, or utter and hopeless exhaustion, in which the sufferers had expired. The hand, fast stiffening in its fixed clasp on the hair; the set teeth and starting eye-balls showed where death had come as the reliever of those insupportable torments which attend the plague when it bears down its victim by the accumulated mass of its indurated and baleful ulcerations. Others, who had succumbed to its milder, more insidious, yet still more fatal (because more sudden and utterly hopeless) attack, lay in the helpless and composed attitude which might have passed for sleep. The 'Invincible,' once the proudest and most gallant vessel which ever rode out a storm, or defied an enemy, now floated like a vast pest-house on the waters; while the sun of that burning zone poured its merciless and unbroken beams on the still and pestiferous atmosphere. Christian sickened; he turned round with a feeling of despair, and burying his face

in the couch he had just quitted, sought a moment's refuge from the scene of horror. That moment was one of prayer; the next was that of stern resolution. He forced down his throat a potion, to strengthen him for the task he contemplated. This task was twofold and tremendous. First, he determined to descend to the lower decks, and see whether any convalescent, or even expiring, victim yet survived to whom he could tender his assistance; and, secondly, if all had fallen, he would essay the revolting, perhaps the impracticable, office of performing their watery sepulture.

Loëffler made several attempts to descend into those close and corrupted regions ere he could summon strength of heart or nerve to enter them. A profound stillness reigned there. He passed through long rows of hammocks, either the receptacle of decaying humanity, or, as was more often the case, dispossessed of their former occupiers, who had chosen rather to breathe their last above deck. But a veil shall be drawn over this fearful scene. It is enough to say that not one *living* being was found. Loëffler was *ALONE* in the ship! His task was then decided. He could only consign his former companions to their wide and common grave. He essayed to lift a corpse; but—sick, gasping, and completely overcome—sank upon his very burden! It was evident he must wait until his strength was further restored; but to wait amid those heaps of decaying bodies seemed impossible. He however soon resumed his labour, and on the evening of the following day but one human form tenanted that deserted ship. As he saw the last of her gallant crew sink beneath the waves, Christian fell on his knees, and—well acquainted with the mother-tongue of his departed companions—he took the sacred ritual of their church in his hand. The sun was setting, and by its parting beams Loëffler, with steady and solemn voice—as if there were those might hear the imposing service—read aloud the burial rights of the Church of England. Scarcely had he pronounced the concluding blessing ere the sun sank, and the instantaneous darkness of a tropical night succeeded. Loëffler cast a farewell glance on the dun waves, and then sighed, “Rest—rest, brave companions! until a voice shall sound stronger than your deep slumber—until the sea give up its dead, and you rise to meet your Judge!” The noise of the sharks dashing from the waters, to see if yet more victims waited their insatiable jaw, was the only response to the obsequies of that gallant crew.

Christian sank down, as he concluded his dismal office, overwhelmed by physical exertions and the intensity of his hitherto stifled feelings. But there was no hand to

wipe the dew from his pale forehead; no voice to speak a word of encouragement or sympathy.

And where was it all to end? Loëffler was no seaman; and, therefore, even if one hand could have steered the noble vessel, *his* was not that hand. Doubtless, the plague had broken out in Portugal; and consequently the ‘Invincible,’ who had so recently sailed from her capital, would (as in all similar cases) be avoided by her sisters of the ocean.

Week after week passed away, and still the solitary Man of the Sea was the lone occupant of the crewless and now partially dismantled ‘Invincible.’ She had been the sport of many a varying wind, at whose caprice she had performed more than one short and useless voyage round the fatal spot where she had been so long becalmed; but a tropical equinox was drawing near, though the lone seaman was not aware of its approach. He listened with an ear half fearful, half hopeful, to the risings of the blast. At first it began to whistle shrilly through the shrouds and rigging; the whistle deepened into a thundering roar, and the idle rocking of the ship was changed into the boisterous motion of a storm-beaten vessel. Loëffler, however, threw himself as usual on deck for his night's repose; and, wrapped in his sea-cloak, was rocked to slumber even by the stormy lullaby of the elements.

Towards midnight the voice of the tempest began to deepen to a tone of ominous, and, apparently, concentrating force, which might have startled the most reckless slumberer. Sheets of lightning—playing from one extremity of the sky to the other—showed the dense masses of rent and scattered clouds which blackened the face of heaven; while the peal of thunder that followed seemed to pour its full tide of fury immediate over the fated ship. The blast, when contrasted with the still atmosphere and oppressive heat which had preceded it, appeared to Loëffler piercing, and even wintry cold: while the fierce and unintermittent motion of the vessel rendered it almost difficult for him to preserve a footing on deck. By every fresh flash of lightning, he could see widespread and increasing sheets of surge running towards the ship with a fury that half suggested the idea of malevolent volition on their part; while they dashed against the sides with a violence which seemed to drive in her timbers, and swamped the deck with foam and billows.

The storm subsided, and the moon, rising over dense masses of cloud—which, dispersed from the mid-heaven, now cumbered the horizon—saw our young German lying, in the sleep of confidence and exhaustion, on the still humid deck. He

slumbered on, unconscious that the main-deck was now almost level with the waves, unconscious of the dark gulf preparing to receive him! The very steadiness which the waters, accumulating within her, had given to the ship, protracted the fatal repose of the sleeper. He woke not until his senses were restored too late, by the gushing of the waters over the deck.

Down, down, a thousand fathom deep, goes the gallant and ill-fated vessel; and with her—drawn into her dark vortex—sinks her lone and unpitied inhabitant!

It was in less than a month after this event that Loeffler awoke in a spacious and beautiful apartment, the windows of which opened into a garden of orange and lime trees, whose sweet scent filled the air, and whose bright verdure and golden fruit showed gay and cheerful in the sunshine. Christian believed that his awakening was in paradise; nor was the thought less easily harboured that the object he best loved in life stood by his couch, while his head rested on her arm. "And thou, too," he said confusedly—"thou, too, hast reached the fair land of peace, the golden garden of God!"—"His senses are returning—he speaks—he knows me!" exclaimed Ernestine, clasping her hands in gratitude to Heaven.

She had just received her husband from the hands of the stout captain of a Dutch galliot, whose crew had discovered and rescued the floating and senseless body of Christian on the very morning succeeding the catastrophe we have described. The humble galliot had a speedier and safer passage than the noble man-of-war; and, in an unusually short time, she made the harbour of Lisbon, to which port she was bound. It is needless to add that the German recovered both his health and intellects, and lived to increase the tender devotion of his bride by a recital of the dangers and horrors of his solitary voyage.

#### THE LATE DUKE OF SUSSEX AND HIS WILL.

DEATH who now, as in the olden time, equally visits the poor man's hovel and the Regal Palace, has, in the last week, snatched from the royal family of England one of the most popular Princes that England ever had. The Duke of Sussex was a man who, besides taking a part in politics on the liberal side of most questions that interested the public, mingled with his countrymen on all occasions. Often have we seen his Royal Highness preside at the Freemasons' Tavern, and other places of festive resort, and admired the tact and the feeling displayed, which made all present reverence the Prince the

more, because he only seemed to feel that he was a citizen and a man. The errors of his life were, in the judgment of his contemporaries, more than atoned for by the anxiety he manifested to be one of the people: he lived among the people—he married among the people—and, faithful to his principles in death, by his will he ordered that his remains should be buried among the people. His last resting place is to be the Cemetery at Kensall Green, her Majesty having deemed it right that the desire of her royal uncle should be fulfilled.

The wish thus recorded of the Duke of Sussex, brings to our recollection the language used in the will of King Henry VIII on the subject of his funeral. It is as follows:

"And as for my body, whenne the soul is departed, shall thenne remayn but as a cadavre and so return to the vile mater it was made of. Were it not for the crown and dignity which God hath called us unto, and that we would not be noted an infringer of honest worldly policies and customs whenne they be not contrary to Gode's laws, we would be content to have it buried in any place accustomed for chr'en folks, were it never so vile, for it is but ashes and to ashes it shal again. Nevertheless, because we would be lothe in the reputation of the people to do injurie to the dignitie which we unworthely are called unto. We ar content and also by the p'nts our last will and testament do will and ordeign, that our body be buryid and tentered in the quere of our college of Windsor midway betwee' the stalls and the high altarr, and there to be made and sett as soon as conveniently may be doon after our deceasse, by our executors at our costs and charg's, if it be not done by us in our lief tyme, an honourable tombe for our bones to rest in which is well onward and almost made, therefor alreddie wit' a fayre grate above it, in which we will also that the bones and body of our true and lovinge wief Quene Jane be put also, and that there be provided, ordeyned, made, and sett at the costs and charges of us or of our executors, if it be not done in our lyf, a convenient altarr honourably repaired apparilled wit' all manner of things requisite and necessary for dayly masses, there to be sayd perpetually while the world shal endure."

The indifference of the tyrant on the subject, in the end resolved itself into sufficient care for his remains. A grand tomb was to be erected in the chapel at Windsor and masses said till the end of the world! The Duke of Sussex simply desired that his remains should pass to a public burial ground, where those of his consort, in the fulness of time, may repose

by his side. By many he is deeply lamented—by the great body of Englishmen his memory will be respected, and while

"They check the starting tear and kiss the rod,  
And not to earth resign him, but to God."

#### LET NOT HAZEL EYES DESPAIR.

Je n'aime pas les yeux si noir  
Qui semblent dire, "I will make war,"  
Mais j'aime moi les yeux si bleu  
Qui disent doucement, "I will love you."

#### SLEEP.

Sleep is coming—gentle sleep—  
Strange it is that joy and grief  
Each in turn from slumber keep—  
Yet resistance is but brief.

#### HISTORY OF THE SILK WORM.

THERE are two species of silk-worms reared at present; that which casts its skin three times, which is a small worm common in Lombardy, and is the one preferred by Dandolo, because it completes its task in four days less; and that which moults four times and is the worm originally bred in Europe. The second kind of worm lives from thirty-five to thirty-seven days, according to temperature; the first four days less. The worm, in the course of its existence, increases in weight 30,000 times from the egg; and its development is watched by many of the peasants, who educate them with scientific care, with the aid of the barometer, thermometer, and hygrometer, instruments familiar to the French people, in consequence of their gratuitous schools of science, though hardly known even by name to the English.

One test of the excellence of the chrysalis for affording seed or eggs, is the hardness of the ends of the cocoons.

The silk crop, as it may be called, is completed in about six weeks from the end of April, when the hatching season begins; it is therefore the most rapid of natural productions, and requires little advance of capital for the purchase of the mere leaf. In purchasing the cocoons, and in reeling off the silk, indeed, capital may be often laid out with advantage. As there is a large proportion of the public revenue raised in France from the general land tax, there is no tax on mulberry trees as there is in Italy.

Bonafons gives the following curious table of the progress of the worms hatched from one ounce of eggs, from birth to the time of spinning. In the first age they consume seven pounds of leaves; in the second, twenty-one; in the third, sixty-nine pounds twelve ounces; in the fourth, 210 pounds; and in the fifth, or after casting their skins the fourth time, 1,281 pounds. The progression in the consump-

tion of food is not uniform in detail, though it is so upon the whole. Thus, on the third day after their birth, they eat three pounds; on the fourth, only one pound six ounces; on the fifth day, when the sloughing process begins for shifting their skins, they consume only six ounces. On the first day of their second age they make up for their previous abstinence by consuming four pounds eight ounces; on the third day, seven and a half pounds; on the fourth day they labour under the moulting sickness, and eat only two and a quarter pounds. On the first day of the third age they consume six and three-quarter pounds; on the second day, twenty-one and a half pounds; on the third, twenty-two and a half; then twelve and a half, and on the fifth, six and a half. The hazardous period is at the changing of the third and fourth coats; for on the sixth day of the third age, and the seventh day of the fourth age, they eat absolutely nothing. But on the first day of the fourth age they consume twenty-three and a quarter pounds; on the first of the fifth they consume forty-two; and on the sixth day of the latter, attaining their maximum appetite, they eat 223 pounds; from which time they become daily less voracious, till on the tenth day of this age they eat only fifty-six pounds. The space occupied on the trellices by the worms, which was at their birth only nine feet, has now become 239 feet. The quantity of silk produced is, generally speaking, proportional to the quantity of food they consume.

The China silk-worm, which produces a very superior silk, was brought into France about twenty-eight years ago.—*Ure*.

#### JOSEPHINE A DESDEMONA.

THE consort of Bonaparte, Josephine, has been eulogised by all parties. Her kindness of heart was great. Bourrienne having, on one occasion, given Bonaparte offence by a supposed want of prudence in his conversation, the Emperor withdrew his confidence. After some days, Bourrienne resolved to have an explanation. He had the *entrée* of Bonaparte's chamber, and thither he went when Napoleon and Josephine had retired for the night. The secretary vindicated himself to the perfect satisfaction of his master. He spoke the word of peace; and then came a scene which will strongly recal the language addressed by Desdemona to Othello in behalf of Cassio. He says:—"I seem to hear and see the good Josephine half-raising herself in bed, and saying with the most amiable sweetness, 'What! Bonaparte, is it possible that you could suspect Bourrienne, who is so attached to you—"

who is your only friend: how have you suffered them to lay a trap for him like this—a dinner arranged on purpose! My God, how I detest thy police!’ Bonaparte then began to laugh, and said jokingly, ‘Sleep, sleep, and mind thy frippery; women understand nothing of affairs of government.’” “When I,” says Bourrienne, “retired, it was nearly two o’clock.”

### CURIOUS MONUMENT.

NAILED against the south wall of the chancel of Walton church are several brass plates, parts of an ancient monument of one John Selwyn. They were evidently once laid over a grave stone, but having become loose, were taken up. Many years ago an ancient sexton, the Ciceroni of the place, explained the figures on them by the following traditional story. Selwyn, as appears by the inscription, was under-keeper of the park at Oatlands, in Surrey, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The bugle-horn, as the insignia of his office, is preserved in the figure seated on the stag, and also in that where he is represented in the common monumental attitude of prayer. Being famous for his strength, his agility, and his skill in horsemanship, he would frequently display specimens of these various endowments before his royal mistress. One day, at a grand stag hunt in Oatlands park, attending, as was the duty of his office, in the heat of the chase he suddenly leaped from his horse, then running at full speed, and alighted on the back of the stag, which was flying with its utmost velocity. In spite of every effort of the affrighted beast, he not only kept his seat with graceful firmness, but, drawing his sword, guided the animal towards the queen, and, as he approached her, plunged it in the throat of the victim, who fell dead at the feet of the royal huntress. This was thought wonderful enough to be chronicled on his monument, and he is accordingly portrayed in the act of stabbing the beast. It is remarkable that the story is represented on both sides of the same plate: in one engraving Selwyn appears with a hat, but without spurs; and in the other, bareheaded, but with spurs. Hence some have supposed that he performed this feat more than once; but more probably, the first engraving not being approved by the family, as deficient in likeness or some other circumstance, a second was engraved, which, to save the expense of a new plate, was executed on the back of the former. Beneath his feet, and those of his wife and children, is the following inscription, on another plate, where all are represented in the act of prayer:—“Here lyeth the body of John Selwyn gent. keeper of her majesties parke of Otelands, under the Right Ho-

nourable Charles Howard, Lord Admiral of England, his good lord and Mr. who had issue by Susan his wife V Sunes and VI Daughters, all lyving at his death, and departed out of this world the 27th day of March, Anno Domini 1587.”

### The Gathert.

*Conchology.*—The shell collector in walking over the Island of Cyprus is particularly struck with the vast number of brilliant limpets for which that classic spot is celebrated. A considerable number had fixed themselves to branches of white coral, and resembled the delicate blossoms of the peach; others, which appeared inlaid with mother-of-pearl, opal, and amethyst, clung to the sheltering rocks, as if fearful of being separated from them by the agitated waves.

*Sepulchral Custom among the Ancient Arabians.*—Pocock, on the authority of Al Janharie, Ebno’l Athir, Sharestani, and other Arabic authors, relates a singular custom which prevailed among some of the Arabians, previous to the introduction of Mahometanism. They tied a camel over the grave of the deceased, where it was left to perish without food, lest its master should suffer the disgrace of walking on foot in another world.

*Tongueless Speakers.*—Grotius gravely records, as a fact, that some of the early Christians, whose tongues had been barbarously cut out by the Arians, could afterwards talk as well as before. Their sermons must have been singularly edifying.

### THE JINGLER TO HIS MISTRESS.

“It was you, Christy, you  
First warm’d this heart, I trow—  
Took my stomach frae my food—  
Put the devil in my blood—  
Made my doings out of season,  
Made my thinkings out of reason,  
It was you, Christy lass,  
Brought the Jingler to this pass.

An’ Christy, faith, I see  
By the twinkle o’ thy ee,  
An’ Christy, lass, I fin  
By a something here within—  
That tho’ ye’ve ta’en anither,  
An’ tho’ ye be a mither,  
There’s an ember in ye yet,  
That might kindle—were it fit.

Then fare ye weel, my fair ane,  
And fare ye weel, my rare ane,  
I once thought, my bonny leddy,  
That thy bairns wou’d call me deddy.  
But that bra’ day’s gane by—  
Sae happy may ye lie,  
An’ canty may ye be,  
Wi’ the man that sou’d been me.”  
—*Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns*

*Voltaire's Opinion on War.*—A hundred thousand mad animals, whose heads are covered with hats, advance to kill, or to be killed by, the like number of their fellow mortals, wearing turbans. By this strange procedure they want, at least, to decide whether a track of land, to which none of them lay any claim, shall belong to a certain man whom they call Sultan, or to another whom they call Cæsar, neither of whom ever saw, nor ever will see, the spot so furiously contended for; and very few of those creatures, who now mutually butcher one another, ever beheld the animal for whom they cut each other's throats! From time immemorial, this has been the way of mankind almost all over the earth. What an extent of madness is this! And how deservedly might a Superior Being crush to atoms this earthly ball, the bloody nest of such ridiculous murderers!

*Incident in a Chinese Drama.*—A woman, surprised by her husband, has just time to hide her gallant in a sack, and set him against the wall. The man, coming in, asks, "What is in that sack?" The woman is confused, and hesitates. The gallant, afraid she would blunder, calls out from the inside, "Nothing but rice!"

*The Wonders of Creation.*—Paley remarks:—"The works of the Deity are known by expedients. Where we should look for absolute destitution, where we can reckon up nothing but wants, some admirable contrivance always comes in, to supply the deficiency."

*How to gain a Prize in the Lottery.*—At Florence, within the last half-century, when a lottery was to be drawn, the adventurers, to ensure success, were enjoined to fast six-and-thirty hours, to say a number of ave Marias and paternosters, and then remain in bed, engaged in prayer, till some saint, or the Holy Mary herself, should communicate to the supplicant what number he ought to purchase.

*The American Press.*—The harsh things lately said of the American press do not exceed in severity what was said of them, thirty or forty years ago, by their own statesman, Mr Jefferson. He remarked:—"It is a melancholy truth, that a suppression of the press could not more completely deprive the nation of its benefits than is done by its abandoned prostitution to falsehood. Nothing can now be believed which is seen in a newspaper. Truth itself becomes suspicious by being put into that polluted vehicle." And writing to Dr Jones, he used this language on the same subject:—"I deplore with you the putrid state into which our newspapers have passed, and the malignity, vulgarity, and mendacious spirit of those who write for them; and I enclose you a recent example, the production of a New England judge, as

a proof of the abyss of degradation into which we have fallen. As vehicles for information, and a curb on our functionaries they have rendered themselves useless, by forfeiting all title to belief."

*Royal Birth.*—The firing of the Park and Tower guns on Monday morning, woke some grand reminiscences in the minds of the old inhabitants of the City. It was, however, no serious disappointment after all, to learn that the rejoicings were not in consequence of the fall of ten or twenty thousand men, but in consequence of her Majesty having given birth to another Princess.

*American Reporting.*—When a member of the American Congress get his turn to speak, it is indicated by the phrase, "Mr So and so obtained the floor." To us this seems odd, and by no means to be compared to our own—"Mr So and so caught the Speaker's eye."

—Old Nick is supposed to be the same as *Nicha*, the Gothic demon who inhabited the element of water, and who strangled persons that were drowning.

—Fashions have frequently originated from circumstances as silly as the following one. Isabella, daughter of Philip II, and wife of the Archduke Albert, vowed not to change her linen till Ostend was taken. This siege, unluckily for her comfort, lasted three years; and the supposed colour of the Archduchess's linen gave rise to a fashionable colour—called *L'Isabeau*, or the Isabella—a kind of whitish-yellow-dingy.

—*Bah!* an ejaculation commonly made use of to frighten children, &c., is derived from *Boh*, one of the most fierce and formidable of the Gothic generals, and the son of Odin; the mention of whose name only was sufficient to spread an immediate panic among his enemies.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*The Paper commenced in our last by Dr King, relative to the Esquimaux, though sent by the author has not yet reached the Editor.*

*To the correspondent who has sent an extract from a book in which these verses occur,*

"To mark the difference 'twixt love and lust,

"So often shed by mortals, for the loss

"Of the beloved one; whom the stifening corpse,"

and who asks are they not worthy a place in "The Mirror?" we answer "No."

*The prosing, pointless essay which Mr Hamilton White considers adapted to our "valuable periodical," we think is only fit to be inserted in another valuable periodical, the Fire.*

*Mr Burbridge's lines present some pretty thoughts, but are too negligently written to appear.*

*We believe that which W. O. B. suggests, has already been done in more than one publication. He may have some original feature to supply, but this he does not state.*

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